O a pit of clay for to be made.
for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawier? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knocke him about the sconce with a dirty shovell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles, than the length and bredth of a paire of Indentures? the very conveiances of his land will scarcely lye in this boxe, and must th'inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor I my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seeke out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: Whose grave's this sirrah?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it's thine indeed, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye sir, 'twill againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doest thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speake by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord *Horatio* this 3. yeeres I have took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham.